



THE
HISTORY OF HENRY
the Fourth.

Enter the King, Lord John of Lancaster, Earle
of Westmerland, with others

King.

SO shaken as we are, to wan with care,
Finde we a time for flighted peace to pant,
And breath short-winded accents of new broyles,
To be commenc't in stronds a farre remote:
No more the thirsty entrance of this foyle,
Shall dawbe his lips with her own childrens blood;
No more shall trenching Warre chanell her fields,
Nor bruise her flowers with the armed hooftes
Of hostile pases: those opposed eyes,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled heaven,
All one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meete in the intestine shooke,
And furious close of civill butchery,
Shall now in naturall wel-beseeming rankes,
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred and allies.
The edge of Warre, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his Master: therefore friends,
As farre as to the Sepulchre of Christ,
Whose Souldiers now, under whose blessed Crosse
We are impressed and engag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of English shall we levie,
Whose armes were moulded in their mothers wombs,
To chase these Pagans in those holy fields,
Over whose acres walkt those blessed feete,

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